



CHAPTER VIII.

In Which I Meet a Few Surprises.
I awoke with the sense of threatened danger strong in my mind. For a moment I was unable to recall where I was, or on what errand I had come. Then memory returned in a flood, and I sprang from the bed and peered about me.

A dim light struggled in from the darkened window, but no cause for apprehension could be seen. I was the only creature that breathed the air of that bleak and dingy room.

I drew aside the curtain, and threw up the window. It opened merely on a light-well, and the blank walls beyond gave back the cheery reflection of a patch of sunshine that fell at an angle from above.

The fresher air that crept in from the window cleared my mind, a dash of water refreshed my body and I was ready once more to face whatever might befall.

I looked at my watch. It was 8 o'clock, and I had slept four hours in this place. Truly I had been imprudent after my adventure below, but I had been right in trusting Mother Borton. Then I began to realize that I was outrageously hungry, and I remembered that I should be at the office by 9 to receive the commands of Doddridge Knapp, should he choose to send them.

I threw back the bolt, but when I tried to swing the door open it resisted my efforts. The key had been missing when I closed it, but a sliding bolt had fastened it securely. Now I saw that the door was locked.

Here was a strange predicament. I had heard nothing of the noise of the key before I lost myself in slumber. Mother Borton must have turned it as an additional precaution as I slept. But how was I to get out? I hesitated to make a noise that could attract attention. It might bring some one less kindly disposed than my hostess of the night. But there was no other way. I was trapped, and must take the risk of summoning assistance.

I rapped on the panel and listened. No sound rewarded me. I rapped again more vigorously, but only silence followed. The house might have been the grave for all the signs of life it gave back.

There was something ominous about it. To be locked, thus, in a dark room of this house in which I had already been attacked, was enough to shake my spirit and resolution for the moment. What lay without the door, my apprehension asked me. Was it part of the plot to get the secret it was supposed I held? Had Mother Borton been murdered and the house seized? Or had Mother Borton played me false and was I now a prisoner to my own party for my enforced imposture, as one who knew too much to be left at large and too little to be of use? On a second and calmer thought it was evidently folly to bring my jailers about my ears, if jailers there were. I abandoned my half-formed plan of breaking down the door, and turned to the window and the light-well. Another window faced on the same space, not five feet away. If it were but opened I might swing myself over and through it; but it was closed, and a curtain hid the unknown possibilities and dangers of the interior. A dozen feet above the roof, with no projection or foothold by which it might be reached. Below, the light-well ended in a tinied floor, about four feet from the window sill.

I swung myself down, and with two steps was trying the other window. It was unlocked. I raised the sash cautiously, but its creaking protest seemed to my excited ears to be loud enough to wake any but the dead. I stopped and listened after each squeal of the frame. There was no sign of movement.

Then I pushed aside the curtain cautiously, and looked within. The room appeared absolutely bare. Gaining confidence at the sight, I threw the curtain farther back, and with a bound climbed in, revolver in hand.

The room was, as I had thought, bare and deserted. There was a musty smell about it, as though it had not been opened for a long time, and dust and desolation lay heavy upon it.

There was, however, nothing here to linger for, and I hastened to try the door. It was locked. I stooped to examine the fastening. It was of the cheapest kind, attached to door and casement by small screws. With a good wrench it gave way, and I found myself in a dark side-hall between two rooms. Three steps brought me to the main hall, and I recognized it for the same through which I had felt my way in the darkness of the night.

I took my steps cautiously down the stairs, following the way that led to the side entrance. The saloon and restaurant room I was anxious to evade, for there would doubtless be a barkeeper and several loiterers about. It could not be avoided, however. As I neared the bottom of the stairs I saw that a door led from the hallway to the saloon, and that it was open.

I moved slowly down, a step at a time, then from over-cautiousness tripped and came down the last three steps at once with the clatter of a

four-horse team.

But nobody stirred. Then I glanced through the open door, and was stricken cold with astonishment. The room was empty!

The chairs and tables that a few hours ago I had seen scattered about were gone. There was no sign that the place had been occupied in months.

I stepped into the room that I had seen crowded with eager friends and



enemies, eating, drinking, ready for desperate deeds. My step echoed strangely with the echo of an untenanted house. The bar and the shelves behind it were swept clear of the bottles and glasses that had filled them.

Bewildered and apprehensive, I wondered whether, after all, the events of the night were not a fantastic dream.

There was, however, no time to waste in prying into this mystery. By my watch it was close on 9 o'clock, and Doddridge Knapp might even now be making his way to the office where he had stationed me.

The saloon's front doors were locked fast, but the side door that led from the stairway to the street was fastened only with a spring lock, and I swung it open and stepped to the sidewalk.

A load left my spirits as the door closed behind me. The fresh air of the morning was like wine after the close and musty atmosphere I had been breathing.

I hurried along the streets with but a three-minute stop to swallow a cup of coffee and a roll, and once more mounted the stairs to the office and opened the door to Number 15.

The place was in disorder. The books that had been arranged on the desk and shelves were now scattered about in confusion, as though they had been hurriedly examined and thrown aside in a fruitless search. This was a disturbing incident, and I was surprised to discover that the door into the adjoining room was ajar. I pushed it wide open, and started back. Before me stood Doddridge Knapp, his face pale as the face of a corpse, and his eyes staring as though he had risen before him.

(To be continued.)

STORING CELERY.

Variety of Ways in Which the Work May Be Done.

There are a variety of methods used in storing celery. Where the celery is grown for home use it is usually either stored in the place where it grew or in the cellar. When it is stored in the field where it grew the soil is banked up high around the plants so that only a few of the tips are exposed. When the weather becomes colder the ridge is covered with straw or leaves which are held down by boards or earth. When the ground commences to freeze the entire ridge is covered with several inches of straw stable manure. The celery may be removed from the ridge as desired for use, but during a part of the winter it will be inaccessible.

A cool, well-ventilated cellar is a good place to store celery in small amounts, suggests Wallace's Farmer. The celery may be stored in boxes whose sides cope up even with the celery tops. In the bottoms of the boxes is placed a layer of moist sand or earth in which the celery roots are bedded. Holes should be bored in the sides and bottom of the boxes for ventilation and drainage. The plants should be watered at the roots occasionally when signs of wilting appear. Larger amounts of celery are stored in similar fashion by covering the cellar floor with a layer of moist sand or earth and holding the celery in place by means of boards. Market gardeners have regular trenches or store-houses for their celery, but the methods herein described are the usual ones practiced by the small grower.

Before the Age of Punctuation.

Most ancient languages were innocent of any system of punctuation. In many early manuscripts the letters are placed at equal distances apart, with no connecting link between, even in the matter of spacing, an arrangement which must have rendered reading at sight somewhat difficult.

PRETTY RUN.

Mrs. W. F. Tuttle, of Paris, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Will Tuttle, recently.

Miss Lelia Fielder was the pleasant guest of Miss Lillie Skidmore, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Will Tuttle is on the sick list. L. G. Wills, of Powell county, spent Thursday night with his daughter, Mrs. Jerome Skidmore.

W. E. Little sold 40 head of cattle to Calloway Crawford. Price not stated.

Millard Bright and wife, of Maytown, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Little.

Mrs. P. Y. Drake and little daughter, Beulah, visited Mrs. Jerome Skidmore, Sunday afternoon.

Joe Fielder bought a small bunch of shoats from A. M. Warner at \$11. Miss Delley Priest, of Indiana, is visiting friends and relatives at Winchester.

Henry Finnell, who has been working at Wabash, Ind., for some months, is now visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson Finnell, at Winchester.

Mr. Tom Wallingford is very ill of lagrippe and tonsillitis.

Misses Lelia Layton and Rose Mann are visiting friends at Riddles Mill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mann and Miss Mary Mann attended church at Winchester, Sunday.

The Mothers' prayer meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Will Tuttle, Thursday afternoon at 2:30.

Regular prayer meeting at Witherspoon Chapel, every Wednesday night. All cordially invited.

Will Mann and wife visited friends at Clintonville, Sunday.

Mrs. C. C. Mann delightfully entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burk, of Richmond.

TRAPP.

C. C. Johnson sold two heifers to J. M. Snowden at 3 cents per pound.

J. T. Johnson bought a horse from Mt. Sterling parties, court day.

J. T. Johnson and M. C. Johnson visited relatives at the Levee, Sunday night and attended court at Mt. Sterling, Monday.

Mr. Sidney Johnson has returned from the West.

Miss Nancy Kimbrell visited her cousins, Frankie and Myrtle Johnson, Sunday.

Garfield Johnson bought a cow from James Thacker. Price unknown.

Several from here attended court at Winchester, Monday.

Glyde Johnson and Cash Kimbrell and sister, Miss Nancy, attended the apron party given by Misses Lowry, Friday night.

N. Osborne passed through here last week with a drove of six hundred turkeys.

Mr. Sam Johnson was the guest of Millard Johnson, Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Minnie Johnson was the guest of her cousins, Frankie and Myrtle Johnson, Sunday.

Owen Portwood, of Ruckerville, was the guest of J. T. Johnson and family, Sunday.

Mr. M. B. Elkin, of the Levee, was the guest of J. T. Johnson, Sunday night, and attended court at Winchester, Monday.

MOORESVILLE.

Mrs. Golden, of near Dodge, was the pleasant guest of her son, Willis Golden, recently.

Mrs. J. J. Haggard and Mrs. Whit Hampton were guests of Mrs. Geo. Reed, at Boonesboro, last Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Powell is visiting relatives in Richmond.

E. C. Gregg, who has been in Bloomington, Ill., for several months, has returned home.

Frank Golden, of Richmond, is the guest of Willis Golden and family.

There will be services at the Mooresville schoolhouse, Thursday night, November 26. Everybody invited.

ELKIN.

Mr. Ernest Lisle and Mr. Jim Patrick, of Paris, were the guests of Mr. J. R. Lisle, the past week.

Messrs. Richard Brown and Ernest Lisle, of Paris, were the guests of Mr. J. R. Lisle and family Sunday.

Misses Lula and Hattie Lisle were the guests of Miss Alice and Nannie Hardy, Friday.

Mrs. Eliza Lisle and little son, Johnnie, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bob Epperson, Saturday.

Miss Essie Hodgkin is ill.

THE NEWS by mail \$3 a year.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IX.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 29, 1908.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. xxviii, 1-13. Memory Verse, 11—Golden Text, I Cor. ix, 27—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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Any one who writes notes on these lessons can scarcely fail to be impressed with this strange fact—that we never have a lesson from the prophets unless it is the quarterly temperance lesson, and in looking over the synopsis of lessons I notice that no lessons from prophecy appear in the course of study till 1911 and then only in connection with studies in the lives of the kings. It would seem as if prophecy was not considered a profitable study, as if it was considered a dark subject in the midst of much light instead of a light shining in a dark place whereunto we do well that we take heed (II Pet. i, 19). Might not the Saviour have good reasons to say to the professing Christians of our time, "O fools and slow of heart, to believe all that the prophets have spoken?" (Luke xxiv, 25). Preachers and people seem to have closed eyes and to be in a deep sleep concerning the wonderful purpose of God concerning the ages and are therefore said to be drunken, but not with wine; to stagger, but not with strong drink (xxix, 9). Which is worse—that phase of drunkenness or the beastly drunkenness which is the result of literal strong drink? If we judge from the fact that the awful words which fell from the Saviour's lips, and only from His, concerning weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth were spoken not concerning the openly ungodly, but concerning professing believers who did not believe, it should not be difficult to decide as to what He thinks of it.

It may not be amiss to call attention to the section of Isaiah which this chapter begins, the woe section, but in another aspect it might be called the section of the cornerstone, the tried stone, the sure foundation, laid by God Himself (verse 16), and other foundation there is none, for all else is a refuge of lies, a bed too short to stretch oneself on, covering too narrow to wrap oneself in, and when the Lord comes in judgment and righteousness to sweep away all false refuges and to cause Israel to blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit then it shall be seen (verses 17-20; chapter xxvii, 6). Drunkenness is the outward manifestation of a phase of proud sinful self which, not knowing what ails it, seeks satisfaction in this form and calls it a glorious good time, not considering that there is a judgment to come, a time when the sowing shall bring a fearful harvest of everlasting woe and all the glory and beauty (in their eyes) of the present rising shall forever fade away. The disgusting filthiness of their feasts, even though accompanied by music and much that is attractive to the natural man (chapter v, 12), is set forth in verses 8, 9. Not only the ordinary people, but priests and prophets, those who should be the Lord's messengers to the people and stand for the people before God, were guilty of this sin, which may perhaps have been the sin of Nadab and Abihu when they died before the Lord while officiating as His priests (Lev. x, 1-9).

Not the energy nor the excitement of the flesh can serve the Lord, but only the zeal which comes by the Spirit of the Lord; hence the admonition, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit," and that other word, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Eph. v, 18; Zech. iv, 6). "Out of the way" is the expression used twice in verse 7 of our lesson concerning these erring ones. It is found also in Rom. iii, 12. "They are all gone out of the way." In Isa. lili, 6, it reads, "We have turned every one to his own way." There is only one way that is right, and that is "the way," even Himself (John xiv, 6). Those who followed Him are in Acts ix, 2, margin, and elsewhere called people of "the way." "Blessed are the undefiled in the way who walk in the law of the Lord" (Ps. cxix, 1).

We cannot lead others into this good and true way unless we are walking in it ourselves—walking with Him in peace and equity. Then only shall we turn others from iniquity (Mal. ii, 6). How beautiful is verse 12 of our lesson, but how sad its ending. "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshing; yet they would not hear." See the same sad refrain in xxx, 5; Matt. xxiii, 37. "Ye would not." Hear Him also in John v, 40. "Ye will not come to Me." In Matt. xv, 8, He had to use the words of Isa. xxix, 13, "This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth, but their heart is far from Me." There is no hope for any sinner but in the word of the Lord, therefore verse 14. "Hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men." But they made light of Him and of it, asking if He thought they were babes just weaned. They did not know, and many today do not seem to know, that "these things are hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes" (Matt. x).

The day is coming when all the glory and pride and unbelief of man shall be laid low and the Lord alone shall be exalted. Then shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory and for a diadem of beauty unto all who are truly His (verse 5).

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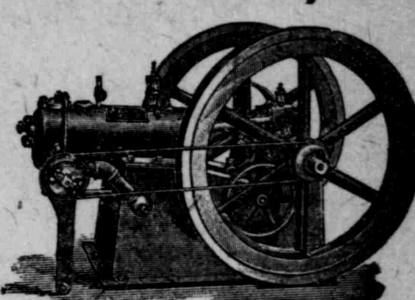
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